

# Mrs. Mohr Is Unmoved As She Awaits Verdict

il Widow of Murdered Physician Stands on Brink  
of Social Outlawry—Her Word Pitted Against  
That of Colored Men.

(Continued from First Page.)

beels of long and tedious lines, there is little physical difference between Elizabeth Blair Mohr, of Newport society, bowing beneath the inevitable, and Elizabeth Blair Mohr, the vengeful, the clever, the emotional, standing today upon the brink of social outlawry.

## Strength of Character Developed By Trials

The difference between the "Lizzie" Mohr of the days when, madly in love with the man who now lies dead, and the physician's widow of today is one of personality and character rather than of fact or form.

It is the difference between a young girl, pliant to the will of the man who has awakened in her and fanned to an all consuming flame the love she bore for him, and that same woman, ten years later, with disappointment and recklessness in the knowledge that her love, in spite of its strength which swayed her unthinking, at first to her husband's will, was not quite strong enough to hold him at her side.

A reed broken in the gales of domestic adversity, she has developed unexpected strength. Looked upon as a submissive wife, ready and anxious to caress the hand which struck her, she is now charged with a vindictiveness seldom equaled, a cunning which took into consideration the slightest detail, a desire for vengeance like that of Lucretia Borgia.

Looked upon as a slave to the convention of exclusivity, Newport society, she is charged with having so far forgotten herself under the strain of her wrongs as to bring the men said to be her murderers into her house, receive them on a plane of equality and prepare meals for them. Thought to have been made too timid by neglect to be disturbed by slight or injury, she has since the first day of the trial, run every octave of human emotion and misery.

She has been like a frozen Medusa one moment, and like a tearful Niobe the next. She was like a brooding tigress, for all her slender and delicate frame, she faced the other woman on the witness stand. She sobbed quietly with the tears of resignation when the old felt—the one who by her husband's side the night of his death—was shown in court. But she gazed with stony eyes upon a hospital orderly who described how his garments had been dyed by the life blood of her husband.

Yet, even now, whenever the testimony falls to hold her aloof, Elizabeth Blair Mohr, the accused slayer, the woman of complexities, the vengeful victim of neglect, momentarily fades away from the witness stand, the mother of the olden and more golden days, comes to the surface. Then she turns to a slight nod of ten who sits next her, the one who by her husband's side the night of his death—was shown in court. But she gazed with stony eyes upon a hospital orderly who described how his garments had been dyed by the life blood of her husband.

Her Personality Repels  
As It Enlists Sympathy

And while the dreary round of witnesses—fifty of them have been called by the prosecution—drags along on leaden feet, a far-away look comes over her tired face, and she turns to her child for the sympathy which she has been denied elsewhere.

The woman who is a trial for her liberty today in the superior court, a curious admixture of traits which repel even as they enlist sympathy, is the product of many years filled with domestic tragedy. If she is an unusual woman today, in her sorrow and trouble, a woman whose characteristics are often contradictory in the face of the evidence against her, she is none the less one of the members of a sorrowful sisterhood—the women who are the wives of fascinating men.

And so her story, because it is also the story of others, comes to the individual chronicler of Elizabeth Blair Mohr, one-time the joyous "Lizzie" (Blair) to be held and kept from the world.

The very fact that there are so many other women who, suffering very much as Lizzie Blair has done, will yet never find themselves in the plight which engulfed her, makes of it a precaution.

Therefore the saga of her misadventure is told in full before a full understanding of the frail little prisoner may be obtained.

Taunton stores, and then, tiring of home ties, went to Providence, to complete her education.

Out of school at last, Lizzie Blair did not return to the little town where her parents still lived, but instead obtained work in the larger city—the same city where today she faces a jury who may take away from her all of the coming years of her natural life.

And it was not long after this that her path and that of the man whose murder she is now accused of instigating first crossed.

She was then in the comeliness of her middle teens, better looking, say those who knew her, than at any time of her subsequent life.

Dr. Mohr, the fascinating, was a native of New Bedford, Pa. A graduate of Johns Hopkins, he practiced first in Baltimore, where his first marriage took place. The first Mrs. Mohr was Josephine Hasty. Of that union two children were born.

It is said that Dr. Mohr's life with his first wife was not happy. A graduate of Johns Hopkins, he practiced first in Baltimore, where his first marriage took place. The first Mrs. Mohr was Josephine Hasty. Of that union two children were born.

Jealousy Soon Marks  
Early Married Life

Although married by occasional conflicts, which sprang from her jealousy, the early married life of Dr. Mohr and his second wife was happy, although he has been described as a man cold and hard as steel, but potential of engendering the most unreasoning interest in most of the women with whom he came in contact.

By 1906, Dr. Mohr was in the first flush of his late prosperity and the foundation of his fortune, which has been estimated at \$500,000, was laid. In 1908, after two children had been born to them—Franklin Mohr, Jr., now ten years old, and Virginia Blair Mohr, seven years old—he bought a modest little house in New Bedford, where he lived with his wife and two children.

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From Christmas, 1911, until late in 1915, Mrs. Mohr became more and more firmly convinced that her husband was plunging into affairs of the heart with other women, and it was during this time that her acquaintance with Emily Burger ripened.

As time went by the changes which have been so unexpectedly manifested in the character of the frail little woman began to germinate. Separated from her husband early in 1911, Elizabeth Blair Mohr, outwardly still the charity worker and churchwoman, and apparently existing uncomplainingly beneath the slight which had been put upon her, moved to a little house across the street from Dr. Mohr's town residence. There she became a feminine Mordecai sitting at the gate of her king, a constant though silent reminder of all that had gone before.

A commonplace enough situation, and one which still lacked aught to raise it above a thousand other such domestic tragedies; yet the State of Rhode Island claims that in the little house across the street from the doctor's residence, a frail and commonplace woman during long days and nights of vigil changed gradually to a vengeful being swayed by an insane love for the man who had neglected her, and by an unreason-

ing hate of The Other Woman, who on the witness stand has claimed that there was nothing culpable in her friendship for Dr. Mohr.

The prosecutors of the Commonwealth go even farther. Under the biting acid of wrong, they declare, the colorless wife of a popular physician in May, 1915, began to consider the death of the doctor as a gateway to release from her intolerable position. That even then the death plot had germinated far enough for her to give to the negro Brown money with which to buy the motorcycle he rode on the night, according to his confession, he shot the doctor; and that that followed was due to the almost unbelievable and unsuspected cunning of the one-time helpless wife.

When Elizabeth Blair Mohr appeared in court on January 10, arraigned side by side with the two negroes whom the police say confessed to having murdered Dr. Mohr at her bidding, and confronted by the testimony of Heals, who drove the death car, the little woman pleaded "not guilty" quietly and without emotion.

Always fond of jewelry she took her place before the "twelve good men and true" who are to decide her fate with the somberness of her commonplace appearance unrelieved by a single ornament, a sharp contrast to The Other Woman who took the stand a few days afterwards, her hands covered with glittering and expensive gems.

Of her appearance, Mrs. Mohr has spoken but once since the murder, then it developed in the testimony of James E. Wallace, a constable, who took her from Providence to Warren, that she said:

"I have had a lot of trouble. The public don't know what I've suffered. What I've been through. I didn't kill the doctor, but if anyone else had suffered as I have they would have killed him long ago."

"What kind of a girl is Miss Burger?" the constable asked her. "She is a blighted, blighted, blighted girl. I used to be a good looking woman before my trouble, but I've failed a lot now."

When she first entered the courtroom she was silhouetted, a frail, tense shadow against the glaring lights. She wore a dark Norfolk suit of severely plain cut and trimmed with fur. Her face was shadowed by a black sailor

hat. And while the wheels of justice began to grind over the track which will lead to liberty or life imprisonment for her, she dropped without ostentation into the niche which she since occupied. For the first few days of the trial little was seen of her, as she sat with her back squarely to the throngs who had come to witness her trial, many of them drawn perchance by the likelihood of the introduction in evidence of "the little red book" which the man whose murder she is accused of having instigated, used in keeping his records.

But for all that Mrs. Mohr seemed to be taking her arraignment with an air of indifference, it soon became apparent that new characteristics had been fused into her drab make-up when the sixty veniremen from whom the jury was picked, were called.

As each man was questioned, Mrs. Mohr aided her lawyers selecting those who are now engaged in deciding the question of her liberty.

When that ordeal was over, however, she lapsed again into a composure which has been broken since then only by the introduction of vital evidence. She seldom glances in the direction of the handsomely gowned women who have thronged the court upon the expectation of hearing deciphered the capricious code in "the little red book" which may spell a monster rattling of skeletons in select Newport closets.

**Spectator At Own Trial  
And Real Mother At Home**

She never looks toward her co-defendants at all. For all that is apparent to the contrary during most of the time she might be the veriest disinterested spectator at the trial which means so much to her.

At liberty at least temporarily upon heavy bond, she spends the interim between the sessions of the court at her home, where Elizabeth Blair Mohr, the mother, is supposed.

Last night she sat in the living room with her two children. Out beyond the

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50c Mentholatum.....27c	\$1.00 Kintho.....45c	50c Liquid Veneer.....19c
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